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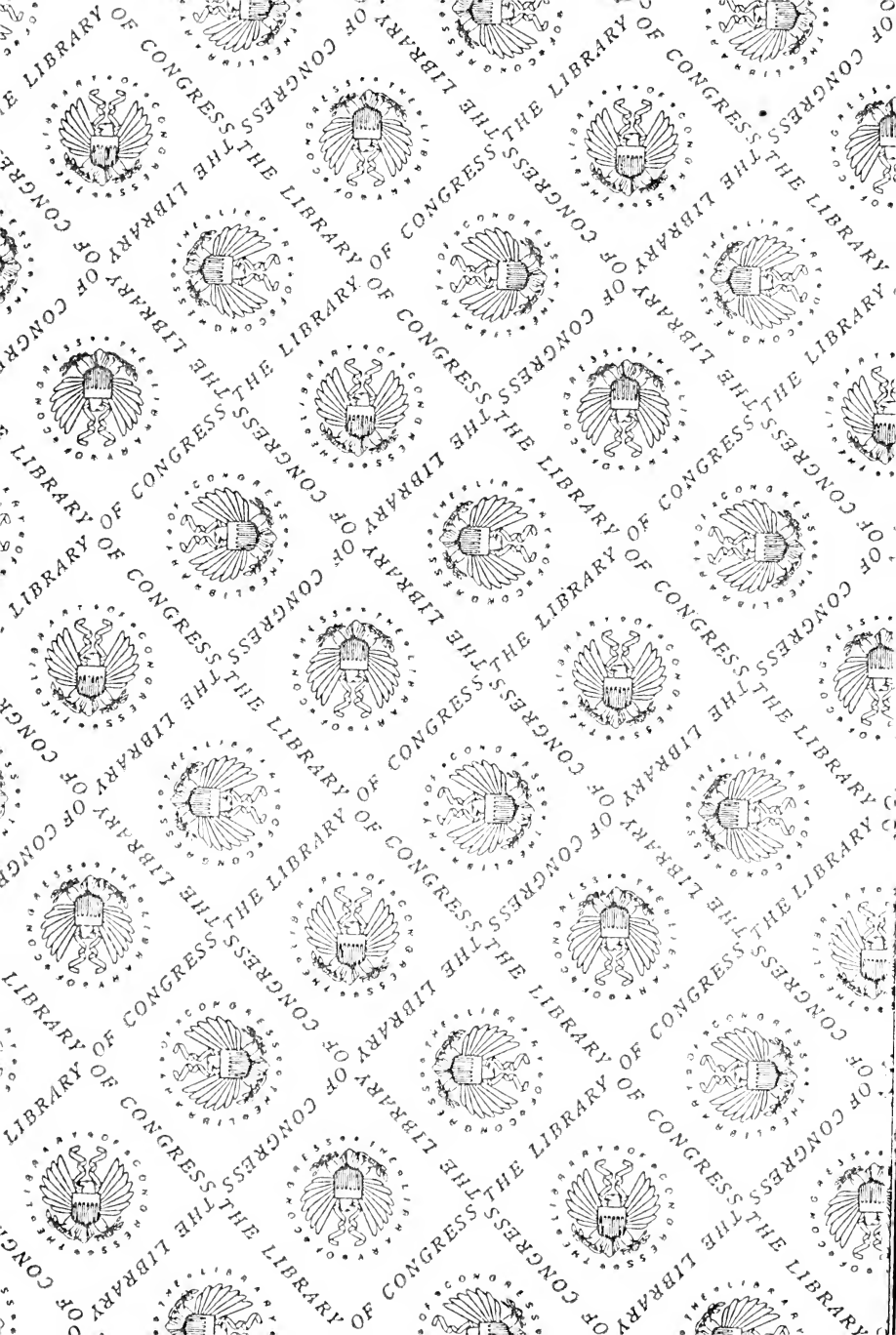
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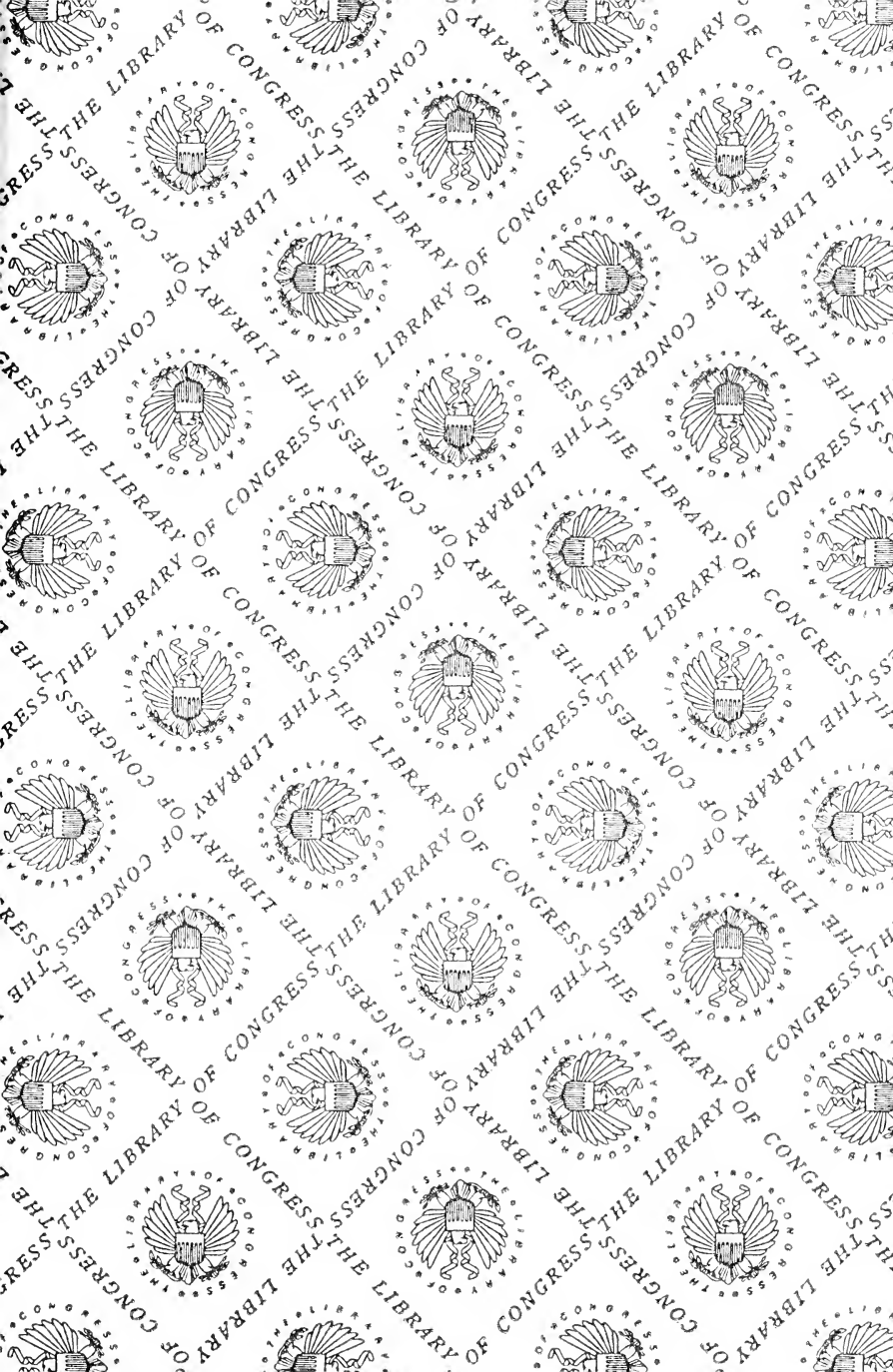
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# SOUTHERN SONGS

RHYMES AND JINGLES

BY

ELIZABETH M. MONTAGUE

Author of "Beside a Southern Sea,"

"The Call of Eden"

(Latter in Press)



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TO MY FRIEND  
ROSE M. DE VAUX-ROYER

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

All of the poems in this volume have appeared in magazines in the North or the South; a few in the West. The author wishes to thank these publications for the use of them in this form.

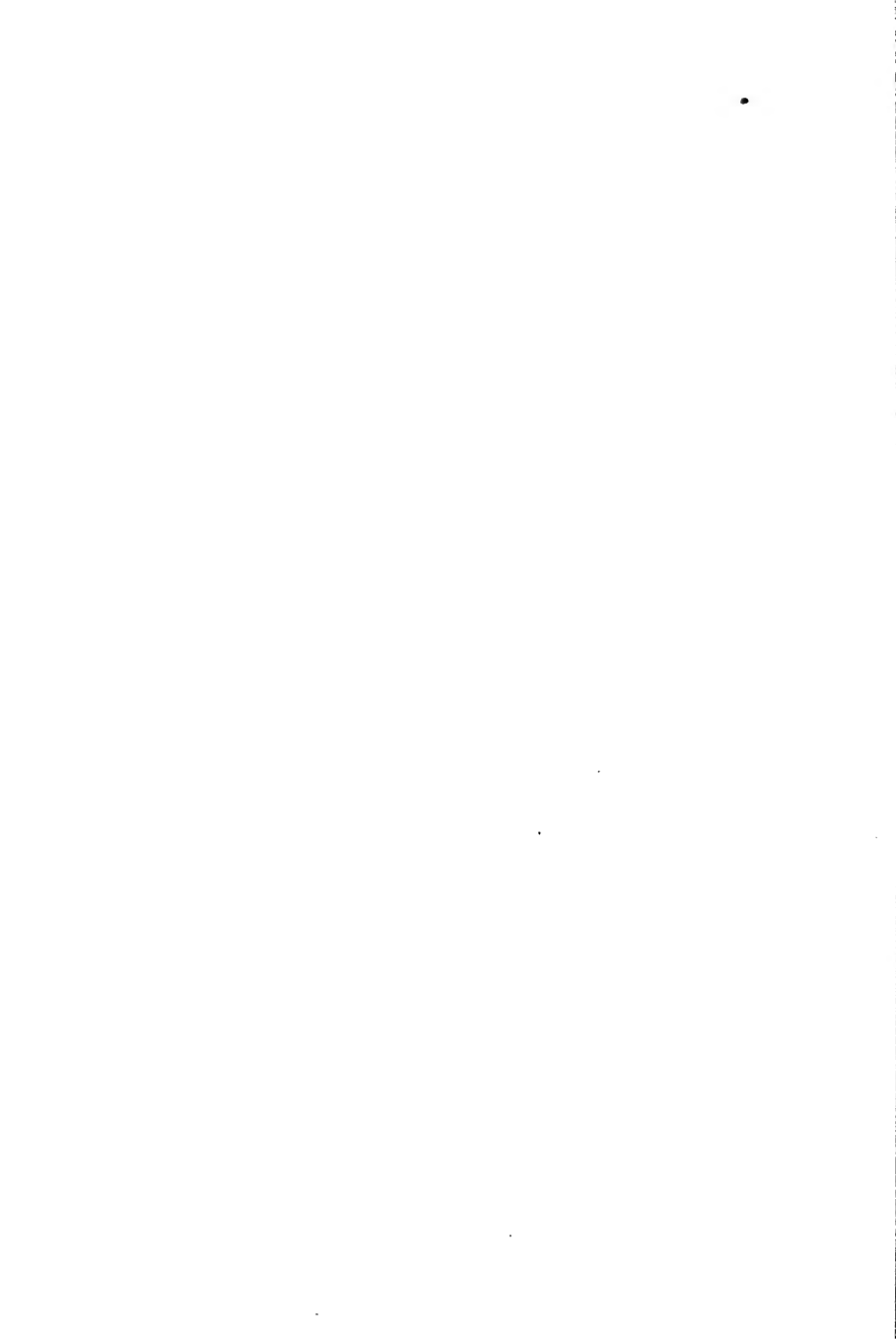
E. M. M.

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## *HOMeward BOUND*

DAYLIGHT dies in the west;  
Dusk veils the fair earth's face;  
Unto night's purple breast  
Stars steal apace.

I walk a flowery lea,  
Wading through fragrant dew;  
And all I hear and see  
Brings thoughts of you.

Blue of the misty hill  
Tells of your gentle eyes;  
And to the laughing rill  
Your mirth replies.

Wind-toyed the meadow grass,  
Burned with the poppy's flame,  
Speaks to me as I pass,  
Whispering your name.

In veilings silver-kissed  
The moon-bride takes her place,—  
And smiling through the mist  
I see your face!

I think of a nest I know,  
In a bower of lovesome things,  
Where a dove-bride waits as the hours go  
For the sound of homing wings.



## *THE CALLING OF THE WILD*

**T**HE calling, calling, of the wild is in the air to-day,  
You can hear the calling, calling, though you are  
far away,  
And your spirit leaps to reach it as a brook leaps to  
the fall,  
And your senses thrill with rapture in answer to the  
call.

In fancy you can hear the merry birds among the trees,  
And see the flowers bending to the kisses of the bees,  
As you thread your eager way along the fragrant  
meadow grass,  
Where daisies lift their dainty heads to hail you as you  
pass.

Leave the toil and stress of things, the rush of hurry-  
ing feet,  
And seek the dewy meadows with blue violets sprinkled  
sweet;  
Take your sweetheart's hand in yours, dear lad, and  
fare away  
To where the wild is calling, calling to your heart to-  
day.

## *SPRING'S AWAKENING*

**A**LL at the fragrant waking of the day,  
I heard the piping of a tender lay;  
A little bird sang in a garden tree,  
And I had dreamed an angel spoke to me!

Upsprang a dainty breeze, speeding away  
On quivering wings to greet the goddess May!  
And kiss to waking life each lovely thing  
That slumbered in the rosy lap of Spring!

So good is life! sweet glowing mystery!  
And death? — there is no death for you and me!  
Love is immortal and must live reborn  
To joy beyond the Resurrection Morn!

## *THE SKULKER*

I ASKED a bee, a flower, a rose,  
A skylark at the brink of dawn,  
A fountain in a garden-close  
A cricket on a daisied lawn,  
I asked the river flowing wide,  
The firs upon the mountainside.

I asked the billowy sea of jade,  
The hills of melting amethyst,  
The golden patches in the glade,  
The meadows where the sunlight kissed;  
I asked the runlet in the glen,  
And all the haunts of nymphs and men.

I asked the white clouds in the sky  
Drifting like treasure-laden ships;  
I asked the breezes fleeting by,  
Heavy with sweets of flower-lips;  
I asked a lad of shining face,  
A maiden of a winsome grace.

I asked of all, and asked again:  
“Where dwelleth Care? Doth any know?”

And birds and flowers, and hearts of men  
Had naught of will nor power to show;  
For none could name the darkened place  
Where Care was hiding his grim face!

## *THEN YOU WOULD KNOW*

**I**F you could only know  
The sorrow of my heart, the weary woe  
That grants me no reprieve,  
The hungry longing, restless pain,  
That rankles in my heart and brain,  
I think you would forgive.

If you could only think,  
My ever only dear, that on the brink  
Perchance of lifelong woe,  
We stood to take our flight,  
Nor heeded we the height,  
Nor deemed it could be so;

If you could see the way  
Whereon our all-unheeding feet would stray,  
The rocks that frown below —  
If you could but in wisdom see  
The depths and gulfs of misery  
Then you would know —

Then you would know,  
And see, my own lost love, 'tis better so.

Forget the past, my best,  
My ever friend, forget that thou  
And I have dearer been than now,  
And leave to God the rest.

## *IN A SOUTHERN WILDWOOD*

A CALM and sweetly scented wood  
Invites me for a quiet day,  
In its deep-bosomed solitude,  
To drowse and dream the hours away.

To slip the noose of things that fret,  
In this cool and sequestered spot,  
And teach my spirit to forget,  
Far from the world the world forgot.

I think the brooklet at my feet  
Sings its blithe song for me alone;  
I know was never song more sweet,  
And there is rest in every tone.

Rest in the trembling leafy green  
Above by dreamful winds caressed,  
And in the heaven-blue shown between,  
While drowsy nature murmurs "Rest!"

Sweet violets fringe the water's lip,  
And on its bosom lilies lie,  
And willow tendrils droop and drip  
Stirring the ripples flowing by.

The cherokee her bounty flings  
Of petal-showers on every wind  
Like little snowy fluttering wings  
By fleeting elfings left behind!

Before the salvia's glowing flame  
One almost thinks to stand unshod,  
As Moses once, in awe and shame  
Stood by the burning bush of God!

On high a mock-bird trills — I know  
Of old that mellow tone —  
That tender strain so soft and low,  
Telling his love to every one.

All nature sings a song to me,  
To me alone from one glad throat —  
A song of hope, of joy to be —  
A promise in each dulcet note!



## *A FANTASY*

**I** HAD a dream once through a fragrant night.

I can recall ere sleep-waves sought mine eyes,  
The flood of moonlight through my window, where  
A trellised moonflower caught the tender light;  
And waxen clematis, of silv'ry guise,  
Wandered at her sweet will, flowered and fair,  
As though Titania were enshrined there;  
When every leaf gleamed with the tears of dews;  
While over all in mist of opal rays  
A cobweb spread a veil of changeful hues  
To canopy the whole in pearly haze.  
I heard the night-winds harping on the hill  
Accompanying the low soft lullaby  
That Nature crooned unto the dreaming day;  
And I could hear the whispering of a rill  
Making its little journey to the sea  
Where the great scurling waves beat restlessly;  
And I could see from where at ease I lay,  
One little star sending its silver ray  
Along the silent heaven, and it did seem  
To lead me into sleep and strange dream.

I thought my breast a garden-plot, and lo,  
From its rich soil my heart burst into flower,

Like a rare lily, whiter than the snow!  
Never before in Nature's beauteous bower  
Was seen so fair a bloom. Day after day  
All wonder-lost, I watched its petals white  
Slowly expand — the while a strange delight  
Enraptured me, as might a flashing ray  
Piercing the gloom of a vast forest-deep  
Wake all its shadows into life and light.  
I sang: "Oh world with gladness rife,  
Can be in all thy sunshine eyes that weep?"  
But soon I thought on where to hide my prize,  
My beauteous lily-heart, where curious eyes  
Would ne'er behold nor crave my lovely gem,  
Nor cruel hand come nigh to wring its stem.  
I straightway set a hedge about it all  
Of thorns and piercing weeds to prick and sting  
Who dared to thrust between or scale my wall;  
And there to sit the livelong day and sing,  
And feast my eyes upon my flower, to me  
Were life enough, were heaven's ecstasy.

A summer's day, one came and leaned above  
My garden wall.— Oh, fair and fine, my love!  
Too high for thorns to reach he looked adown  
On my white lily-heart — his fair hair blown  
Out on the wind, I thought his tender eyes  
Gathered the blue of all the summer skies  
Into two darkened pools; and it did seem  
His smile was all the sunshine in one beam!  
Oh, voice of waters: "I would ask a boon  
Fair maid — mayst dare yon lovely flower to crave?"

For hear me pledge thee true, by yon bright moon,  
Thro' life, thro' death, e'en when the cruel grave  
Shall hold me in her clasp, above my breast,  
E'en o'er my death-cold heart that flower shall rest;  
And should my soul God-cursed, sink in the gloom  
Of darkest foulest hell, that sacred bloom  
So white, so holy is, its faintest breath so pure,  
One moment there, and hell were hell no more;  
And should my soul God-blessed, wing to the heavenly  
light,

That bloom were fairest of th' Empyrean Height!"  
Couldst say him nay? Alas, my lily-bud!  
Over the world the twilight fell. I stood  
And watched him pass away. A glance, a wave  
Of hand, a fleeting smile, and he was gone!  
I heard naught but the ocean's mournful lave —  
Its hollow echoing — I was alone!

I kept no count of days, recked not of time  
That passed — nor state; but dreaming still, anon,  
I thought I heard the far-off silver chime  
Of bells — it was the first awaking dawn.  
I looked and saw the thorny hedge about  
Me as before; the glowing skies above  
Sent burning beams from its bright jewel-stone;  
The merry, vagrant winds did rudely flout  
The lazy clouds; and in a distant grove  
A bird was singing in his richest tone,  
So silver-sweet I thought his heart must break  
With melody; and then I heard one speak  
My name. And lo, above the wall there shone

That well-loved face; blue eyes looked in mine own;  
I saw the wind sport in his pluméd crest —  
The sunlight in his gilded vesture gleam,  
The while a bright and wand'ring ray caressed  
His wind-toyed locks — and his calm voice did seem  
To outward float from some weird shadowland;  
He held the lily-bud within his hand.  
“Take back thy flower, maid, I bring it thee.”  
(The while I gazed all cold and tremblingly!)  
“Take back thy gift — a fairer sweeter flower  
Than this thy faded bud doth now endower  
My life with fragrance rare.” All mute I stood,  
And looked adown on that pale withered bud  
Low at my feet — a wounded broken thing!  
And then — a mockingbird began to sing!  
I ope'd my eyes to see a merry ray  
Of sunlight bringing in a joyous day;  
A golden sunbeam dancing thro' my window-bars,  
And lo, my dream was vanished with the stars!

## MOTHERHOOD

**A**LWAYS I've known that you would come to me,  
Waking or dreaming as the slow years passed,  
As heedless girl or woman grown to be,  
Always I've known that you would come at last.

And I have lived waiting to see your face;  
And in my life for you have made wide room,  
That all be dressed and ready in its place,  
That day of all my days when you would come.

And longing for you, still, I wait and wait,  
With breast so warm to lay your head upon,  
With arms so ready be it soon or late,  
You come to rest within them, little one!

Come to me little babe, sign of sweet love!  
She hath not tasted earth, she will miss heaven,  
To whom the Great Almighty God above  
Hath not a little child or lent or given!

## *TO A PURPLE IRIS*

**T**HOU art so fair, tell me thy secret true!  
Wert born of summer rain and sun and dew,  
To prank this dallying streamlet with thy bloom,  
And freight the lazy breeze with thy perfune?

Or art the spirit of a gentle maid,  
Whose glowing feet along this pathway strayed  
To tryst with one thou lovedst too long and well  
E'en in the Elysian fields content to dwell?

And hast thou come again, asking to lie  
Within his path to clasp his feet and die? —  
Or — blessed hope — one little hour to rest  
In dreamful ecstasy upon his breast?

## *A PRAYER*

**I** ASK, Good Lord, not miracles of Thee,  
But that in mercy, Thou my guidance be.

I would not, if it could be, win reward  
For only asking, but with strivings hard.

I would not have my name in water writ,  
But scrolled before men's eyes, Thou blessing it.

I would be great, and fitted to achieve  
A purpose high and fine, something to live

After this mortal day on earth be run,  
And time for me shall set with life's last sun;

But failing greatness, grant that I may see  
In little things Thy paths and plans for me,

And with a yielding spirit run to meet  
What Thou in wisdom set to prove my feet.

Grant Thou, that I adoring, bring to Thee,  
To dress Thine altar sheaves of purity,

And lilies of white prayers; and for Thy head,  
That I may offer unto Thee instead

Of alabaster-box and ointment fine,  
A broken heart, this little life of mine,

Molded and fashioned to Thy perfect will,  
Waiting to hear at last Thy “Peace, be still!”



## *YE SHALL BE SATISFIED*

THE scythe of Time cuts keenly, and the hours,  
The little human hours fall one by one;  
The seasons bring their yield of snows and flowers,  
And lo, our little mortal lives are run!

An hour's toiling in the fragrant morn,  
A moment's resting by the way at noon,  
A night of weeping for a hope forlorn,  
And then the end — we cry: “Too soon, too soon!”

But as we stand before the vast Unknown,  
And tremble with the fear of things untried,  
This thought illumines the soul, that to His own  
Our God has said: “Ye shall be satisfied.”

## *HAPPY TOWN*

“**S**HOW me the way to Happy Town,  
I’ve missed it many a mile!”  
The winds blew up, the leaves came down,  
As by a lonely stile,  
Along the foot-worn path of Care,  
I watched the weary pilgrim fare,  
And wander, toiling up and down,  
Seeking the way to Happy Town.

“’Tis by a far and winding road,”  
I heard a maiden say,  
“And each must share a brother’s load  
Who travels by that way;  
’Tis on a shining mountain height,  
And all day long gleams in the light;  
This city fair you’ll soon discover  
By the mist of glory hanging over!”

“Give me your hand and come with me,  
Sweet maid, we’ll fare together;  
Tho’ sky be gray or winds ride free,  
Or fair and rosy weather;

Lean on me by the darkened way,  
And lend your hand as a tender stay,  
Tho' heaven be bright or dark storms frown  
We'll find the way to Happy Town!"

## *LEAN HARD ON ME*

**L**EAN hard on me, belovéd, thy frail feet,  
I kiss them! some dark day may chance to meet

Along thy careless path, now roses strewn,  
A piercing thorn, a cruel bruising stone.

Lean hard on me, thy roses dewy red,  
Blown of thy youth's fresh fairness may be dead

Tomorrow, shattered, scattered, and dark rue  
Thrust into hands that only roses knew.

Lean hard on me, lest on thy untried path,  
A storm-cloud crossing, break in sudden wrath,

And, wand'ring helplessly, thy feet shall stray,  
And in the darkness lose the sheltered way.

Lean hard on me through life's long pilgrimage,  
Now in thy fulsome youth, and when gray age

Sits on this brow I stroke so tenderly;  
Lean hard on me, belovéd, lean hard on me.

## *DIVIDED*

I'M walking in an old lost Way,  
    Haunted of Memory!  
And here again my footsteps stray  
As in a far, unchastened Day —  
    But is it well for me!

For here entombed my heart low lies —  
    Lo, a stone is rolled and set! —  
What if the dead should now arise,  
And view me with remembr'ing eyes,  
    Could I forget — forget?

## *BEYOND THE PALE*

I GAZE far, far into the dome of night,  
And fain would pierce the blue star-spangled veil,  
To view what lies beyond that silent pale  
That shuts the heavenly glory from our sight.

Can there be fields wide-spreading, bright with blow  
Of flowers kissed to life by breezes sweet?  
Or shining shores where purple waters meet?  
Or rolling meadows pale with lilies' snow?

Can there be giant mountains lifting high  
Their serried crests above the slumbering vales? —  
Dreaming to sound of trilling nightingales —  
Waking to wreck the great clouds drifting by?

Are there cool streams in tremulous coppice-glades?  
Or stealing in and out again among  
The haunts of timid things of call and song,  
To lose the way amid the forest's shades?

And shall we, you and I, stand face to face,  
Eye seeking yearning eye, and understand

Each other, know, hand clasping glowing hand,  
Our own and loved in that great silent Land?

On, Love, from the sweet heavenly fields afar,  
Look down on one in gloom of doubt and night —  
Ere the faint gleam of hope fades from my sight,  
I pray you tell me where, and what you are!

## *LITTLE GLUCK*

**G**LUCK was his name — just Gluck — a funny name?

You ask me if at Christening it came?

Oh, dear, dear no; how funny that would be!

For just a mouse, a tiny mouse was he —

A little scampering, loving, small gray mouse

That once lived in the queerest old gray house!

This house? it had not always been so queer;

Once a great flowering garden had stood where

A wilderness now riots in the sun:

And regal roses — proud queens every one —

Reared their high heads above sweet mignonette

With which the pretty curving walks were set.

Vines climbed the porch and offered to the broods

Of garden-birds delightful solitudes;

Wistaria and tender cypress-vine

Clasped tendril-fingers with the jessamine,

While the blue periwinkles and heartsease

Made fair exchange of kisses with the bees.

Each spring among the old wild-orange trees

The robin's voice in little ecstasies



Named not the garden nor the old house queer ;  
For the sweet singer loved to linger near,  
Gold-mining in the jonquil treasure-bed,  
Or coralled 'mid the woodbine overhead.

1

The bees thought it not queer — the busy things,  
Intent upon their honey-harvestings ;  
Nor did the butterflies that came in crowds  
And fluttered down in little gilded clouds  
Above the pinks and sweet alyssum beds,  
Or crowned with diadems the aster heads.

Nor did the cardinals flashing among  
The dusky cedar-boughs that gloomed along  
The old stone wall ; nor did the blithe peewees  
Chirping amid the flowering orchard-trees ;  
Nor did the mockbird from his chosen spot  
Of eminence — the vine-hung chimney-pot.

For once a beautiful sad lady dwelt  
In that queer house, and in that garden knelt  
Among those happy flowers, her loving care  
Attending their sweet needs — though oft a tear  
Dropt in a lily-chalice, or a sigh  
Passed on a zephyr winging softly by.

And in the scented twilight she would sing  
Of dear lost days, when youth's fair coloring  
Glamoured the world, and set her eager feet  
Out upon primrose paths of promise sweet.

But, oh, the cadences of joy and pain  
Commingling in that low and yearning strain!

And Gluck would creep to his accustomed nook  
Behind the great piano, where he shook  
With pain and joy, a-quiver and a-thrill  
As those strains floated on the twilight still —  
Replete with tears and longing, every tone —  
As she sat singing in the dusk alone.

Why should one be so sad when earth was fair?  
When the old garden slumbered, dreaming, near?  
When the fond mockbird in the flow'ring tree  
Was telling of his love in rhapsody,  
And half the room lay in the white moon-glow?  
Gluck was a little mouse and could not know!

## II

Now in a darkened corner, in a chest  
Broken and age-stained, Gluck had made his nest.  
This ancient case stood grim along the wall  
Where scarcely one pale beam of light could fall,  
And spider's snares and dust increased the gloom;  
But here small Gluck had made his quiet home.

For lo, his bed was silken, and all sweet  
With lavender, and soft beneath his feet  
As down of eider! But he had not guessed  
The sacred mystery of that old chest

That held in trust an unworn bridal-dress !  
Gluck was a little mouse and could not guess !

Slumb'ring in those soft folds, he did not know  
What that old packet there beside, could show ;  
A strong man's passion cruel fate denied,  
A human who had lived and loved and died !  
A mouse could only guess at these strange things  
Of love and fate, with all his wonderings !

### III

It was Gluck's habit every night to creep  
Round and about that queer old house, and peep  
With bright and curious eyes, in every crack  
And cranny ; making gay excursions back  
And forth the spacious rooms around ;—  
Mad-scamp'ring to his nest at every sound !

How proud was he, with timid step to climb  
The rich buffet, and there to set a-chime  
The crystals blinking in th' uncertain light ;  
Or sniff or nibble in a rare delight  
The toothsome treasure-finds that often lay  
So temptingly along his joyous way !

And what a happiness it was to slip  
Into her sleeping-room and take a sip  
Out of her drinking-glass ; or steal away  
A petal of the rose she wore that day ;  
Or curl within her slipper, silken blue —  
This was the greatest joy his small life knew !

#### IV

Too soon the summer's joy, rounded and filled,  
Flamed with its crimson passion, throbbed and thrilled,  
And waned and wasted to its latest day:  
And lo, the beautiful sad lady passed away —  
Passed with the glowing summer's ecstasies,  
And faded with the light of summer skies.

The heavens darkened, and the dreary rain  
Wept over earth, moaning as if in pain!  
The winds whined at the doors, or rudely stirred  
The boughs and leaflets bare of bloom and bird,  
And blight stood shivering with empty hand!  
Poor little Gluck — he could not understand!

Oh, the strange stillness, oh, the spectral gloom  
That shuddered in each cold and voiceless room!  
No more the lady came to her old place  
At the piano, and with charming grace,  
Moved white and loving hands along the keys  
To bring forth little wistful threnodies!

No more, no more! The singing voice was mute;  
The dreary house of warmth was destitute!  
No glowing presence lent its radiance there,  
But a strange dearth and void was everywhere!  
The garden stripped of every lovely thing,  
Mourned for her sweet lost children of the spring!

But soon to Gluck's dim heart there came a ray  
Of comfort, for there chanced upon his way

A dainty little slipper, silken, blue —  
Her own, by the faint perfume he well knew;  
Right in his darkened path the fair thing lay!  
He nestled in its hallowed depth all day!

## V

One night he stole into the dim old room,  
All sweet with memories of roses' bloom,  
And there the moonlight on the oaken floor  
From the wide casement slumbered as before;  
And as he looked, within the misty light  
The lady sat clothed all in flowing white!

Her hands touched the loved keys, but never sound  
Arose to break the stillness, weird, profound;  
And though her face, framed in its moon-kissed hair,  
Thrilled as by song, naught stirred the empty air:  
And in her eyes a mystery of light  
Lingered as of Celestial glory bright!

And Gluck, thrilling with joy, soon in strange fear  
Trembled to see a man's form standing there  
Beside her, while his loving hands caressed  
Her shining tresses, or his fond lips pressed  
Her glowing brow. And like a little child,  
Content, the beautiful sad lady smiled!

For she was happy! With a strange delight  
Gluck watched them — smiling — vanish out of sight!  
It was a vision, but he did not know!  
The shadows closed around; he heard the low

Sad whisp'rings of the night from sea and land:—  
A little mouse how could he understand?

. . . . .  
That night a great red tongue of flaming fire  
Leaped over that queer house — rose high, and higher!  
Licked 'round, and scorched it with a fierce caress!  
And Gluck? Perhaps it was his happiness  
To die within a slipper, silken, blue —  
The greatest joy his small life ever knew!

## *HEARTS*

**D**EAR Dolly Dwight and I for kisses played  
At “Hearts”; I won, and so dear Dolly paid;  
But great was my distress, turning about,  
To find delightful Dolly in a pout,  
And hear those lips made but for kisses sweet,  
In cruel tones denouncing me as cheat!  
And though th' injustice was quite clear and plain,  
I gave her all her kisses back again!

## WINTER

THE day is darkening; a dreary pall  
Covers heaven's blue; and dismally the rain  
Wind-driven, beats chill upon the window-pane,  
As purple twilight settles over all.

I hear a sound among the naked trees —  
A lonely bird, his fellows South have sped;  
Why lingers he when summer flowers are dead,  
And winter's finger locks the pallid lea?

Perhaps thou too, thou too, oh, wild fond bird,  
Would pause awhile mid haunts of yesterday;  
Calling to mind thy happy Junetime lay  
When all the lovely flowers entranced heard!

Sweet singer, dwellest on the glowing thought,—  
Thou, even as I gazing on scenes so drear —  
That only hidden out of sight, somewhere,  
Is all the miracle that summer wrought!

## *THE COMPROMISE*

“**L**ET’S kiss and part,” she said and sighed  
“And go our ways, the world is wide!  
Perhaps ’tis best in every way  
That we shall kiss and part to-day.”

He said: “If wisdom ’tis to part,  
Then we shall foolish be, sweetheart;  
Or let us leave it to kind fate;  
But — let us kiss at any rate!”

## *ALIEN*

**W**INDS of the Southland, sweep over my brow!  
Feed my faint heart with the sweets that you  
bear;

Wand’rer from sylvans of jessamine-blow,  
Where muskadine tangles the gold of her hair!

Songs of the Southland, my senses attune  
To the clear note of mockingbird trilling apart,  
In an old orange-garden beneath a white moon,  
Of a flow’ry night in a deep-summer’s heart!

Love of the Southland, in Memory’s hoard,  
Shine on my path in the dark of the way;  
Lift from my care-burdened spirit the load —  
The shadows englooming my life’s fair day!



## NIGHT AND MORNING

THE Dusk it sped down the Sky's stairway,  
And the Darkness went skulking behind,  
And the dear little Clouds all went quite astray  
In running away from the Wind!

And all the eyes of a million Stars  
Watched a tender young Moon in bed,  
Till away in the east a gallant god Mars  
Ushered in fair Dawn, blushing red!

## FOUR GIFTS

I HEARD, or dreamed I heard four mortals pray.  
The first unto his God. "I would be blessed  
With gold, and take unto my latest day  
My chances for the rest."

The second pleaded for immortal fame;  
That there be writ with flowing, fiery pen  
Athwart the scroll of the wide heavens his name  
Before the eyes of men.

And one, the boon of love,—sweet love!  
That every other blessing did enfold,  
Binding two hearts as with a chain whereof  
Each link was purest gold.

But one standing a space apart, did pray —  
    (An humble soul was he,) that God would send,  
To bless the measure of his earthly day,  
    One kind and steadfast friend.

## *ONE HOUR*

I'M thinking of a still and perfect night —  
    Out of the misty Past it burns for me! —  
A perfumed June, under the chastened light  
    Of stars, beside a brooding, wind-dropt sea.  
Your wistful face was like a dew-washed flower —  
My all of life is blent with that one hour!

I'm thinking of a little trembling star  
    That slipt from out the glittering heavens, and went  
Its glowing way to ether-fields afar,  
    Haply on some Celestial mission bent;  
Of how we wished for "Mizpah" that fair night,  
All in the flash and failing of its light!

So overful were we of love's red draught  
    We could not think on that we knew full well —  
The cup of Destiny of lips have quaffed,  
    The gulf between us wide as heaven from hell! —  
Infinities of time — joy's richest dower,  
Were blent for us in that one perfect hour!

## *A HOMING HEART*

**B**ELOVED, when a little while runs by,  
And all the earth throbs under sapphire sky,  
When joyous Spring has sounded her clear call,  
And April's fragrant children, great and small,  
Come trooping rosy forth to happy song  
Of gay birds carolling the whole day long —  
As a fond homing dove, joyous and free,  
That burst its bonds of late captivity,  
Winging to waiting ones and warm soft nest,  
My homing heart shall seek your arms for rest!

## *ALONE*

**I** NEED you, lad, I need your light to shine  
Into this dim and lonely life of mine.

I need your sympathy, your words of cheer,  
I need to know and feel you ever near.

I need your hand to guide me on the Way  
From which my weak and errant feet would stray.

I need your splendid strength when mine runs low,  
And all the pulses of my being are slow.

I need your tenderness like altar-fires,  
To light the white flame of my pure desires.

I need your kisses sweet as ruddy wine,  
Upon these love-enhungered lips of mine.

I need your love, so good and strong and true —  
Dear lad, I am so lonely needing you!

### *TO SLEEP*

O H, sleep, I pray, come to these out-stretched arms!  
Thou one-time loving friend, come stroke this  
brow

With gentle touch, and soothe me of alarms,  
Thou lovely one, come to me here and now!

Come to these wide and aching eyes of mine  
So weary with an endless strife of tears;  
Oh, hush me with thy murmuring benign,  
With thy low whisperings dispel my fears.

Once thou didst lull me with thy fragrant sighs  
And on my pillow rest thy gentle head;  
Didst fold me in thy arms — I did misprize  
The tender, loving one, till lo, she fled!

Wide-eyed I lie, or lonely sit and weep,  
And reach out heavy arms, and bitter moan,  
Calling upon thy name — Oh, sleep! oh, sleep!  
Oh, gentle spirit, hast forever flown?

## *A PASTORAL*

I LOOK out on the fragrant night,—  
A sleeping world, a silent heaven,—  
I lift my pleading to the White  
Great Throne of God that peace be given,  
Some balm my troubled soul to bless  
And woo me out of hopelessness!

Or do I dream again to-night?  
Is this the ghost of some wild dream?  
As far as moves my wandering sight  
All is so strange and weird, I seem  
A spectre,— spectres all around,  
In silent conclave, grim, profound!

I fancy that a pale moon-wraith  
Clasps the still earth in cold embrace,  
Stealing her suspirating breath,  
And smiling in her dying face!  
The frightened stars have sped away!  
The far-off sky turns dull and grey!

Strange sounds float upward from the dark  
Depth of the frowning wood,

Where phalanxes in order, mark  
    Their silent step where they have stood  
For dreary ages as to-night,  
Long-shadowed in the chastened light!

Back in the girlhood home! Oh, heart  
    Of mine, doth any comfort spring?  
Doth memory play no kindly part  
    To lend thee calmer mood, or bring  
A roseate beam of some lost day  
To light thee on thy darkened way?

## II

My eager vision ranging wide,  
    I see afar in outline grey  
The village school glooming beside  
    The old sweet-brier bordered way.  
I almost hear the clarion knell  
And calling of its morning bell!

And I can see the old church-tower  
    Cleaving the elm-trees! And once more  
I am a child at service hour,  
    My eager eyes upon the door,  
My ready ears waiting to hear  
The ending of a lengthened prayer.

I well recall the high stall-pews,  
    That standing I could scarce o'er-reach;  
The window-panes of vari-hues,  
    The minister's slow-falling speech,

The matrons of the little town  
Each happy in her Sunday gown!

### III

Across a daisied slope, beyond  
An avenue of ancient firs,  
I know there smiles a blue-eyed pond;  
I know that when the light wind stirs  
Its face in dimples circling wide,  
Tost in the eddying of its tide

Gay water-lilies dance and dip,  
Flaunting their hoard of pearl and gold,  
While pirate bees draw near to sip  
The nectar of each honeyed hold,  
And flower-winged pilf'rers skim and dart  
Above each dew-enjeweled heart!

From thence a ragged path leads down —  
I cannot see, I know 'tis there —  
To where the little slumb'ring town  
Is silent I can only hear  
A watch-dog baying now and then,  
With echo answering back again.

### IV

A brook goes singing by yon field,  
Telling of all things sweet and fair  
Dripping upon its banks, their yield  
Of summer fragrance in the air!

Laughing, whisp'ring as it goes  
Past creeping smilax and wild-rose!

We walked in childhood by that spring!  
Our clasped hands stayed its gentle flow!  
It was a sleepy little thing  
As tho' of half a mind to go  
And half to linger in its play  
To kiss the blue flags by the way!

And where it ripples down the hill,  
Dancing in merry mood along,  
We placed a wondrous water-mill,  
And fondly deemed it fast and strong,  
And came in tears another day  
To find our treasure swept away!

Where gleams yon field of yellowing wheat  
His father's lands join ours; this brook  
Marks bound'ry where the two farms meet;  
And from its jasmined banks you look  
Out over each to east and west,—  
In sooth you could not name the best!

A little nervous bridge once spanned  
This narrow stream; oh, I can see  
It now, vine-wreathed, under the grand  
Wide-spreading of a willow-tree!  
I thought the birds sang sweetest there;  
Of all the fields the flowers most fair!



For there he told me of his love,  
Re-murmured in the brook's soft flow,  
While tender stars looked from above,  
Or smiled as bright in depths below;  
For day and night did kiss and part  
The hour I gave him all my heart!

It is almost a joy to think —  
If earthly joy could be of mine —  
On these dear scenes and hours, to drink  
The little left of life's red wine,  
(Or is it draught of Tantalus' cup!)  
Which sorrow has almost drunk up!

I think to-morrow I shall go —  
If I may dare to trust my heart! —  
And look on this and this, and so  
Prove to myself if any part  
Of life's old joy remains to me,—  
So long espoused to misery!

## V

This window opens out above  
A gardenful of old time flowers.  
The room I used so well to love!  
My own thro' many happy hours  
And days and years that made my life,  
Ere I with living was at strife!

The modest gilliflowers lean  
One to another as they were

In timid gossip, and, between,  
Sweet asters pink and white appear;  
And daffodils in cape and snood,  
All in a fragrant sisterhood!

A pure white rose was wont to swing  
Trellised against this window-blind;  
One day I plucked a lovely thing  
Into my sunny locks to bind!  
The brightest day of all my life,  
That heard me called sweet name of "Wife!"

I plucked a rose another day,  
And placed it in a dear, dead hand!  
And since then I have thought life's way  
(I do not try to understand!)  
Life's star-bound way — hath been bereft  
Of flowers, and only thorns were left!

## VI

In sooth, mine was a fleeting life!  
A few short years spanning it o'er,—  
Dear years with every beauty rife!  
And surely that is all its score —  
What were my after days but low  
Sad requiems of the long ago!

Oh, you have seen a sundown rare,  
In red and purple blue and gold,  
Ere night let fall her curtain drear,  
And twilight closed fold over fold,

Hiding the glory from the sight,  
Leaving behind the deepest night;

Oh, you have smelt a rich perfume —  
    (The memory of a rose was night!) —  
And thought you trod in summer-bloom,  
    And ere the fancy fled by,  
You cried: “Fresh June is come again!”  
And there was frost upon the pane!

So I a little season trod  
    Elysian fields on this our sphere,  
Then all my joy sped up to God,  
    And now I only linger here  
A sad sojourner, toiling on,  
With hope set far beyond the sun!

## VII

To-morrow's dawn will gild the sky,  
    To-morrow's flowers will scent the air,  
The little brooklet tinkling by  
    Will sing because the world is fair!  
The soaring lark will lift her strain,  
And all the earth rejoice again!

And I shall wander 'neath the sun  
    Thro' wood and field, by laughing brook,  
To rest my aching eyes upon  
    Some well-remembered path, some nook  
Fragrant with blossoming eglantine,  
With opal-tinted dews ashine,

And there will be no sun for me,  
No diamond-dew feeding the grass;  
The brooklet leaping joyously  
Will still its music as I pass!  
The winging lark will break her strain,  
And all the world turn grey again!

There is one spot I have not told!  
Father forgive, if my poor heart  
Hath named Thee hard! Under a fold  
Of hills a square is closed apart;  
Our dead sleep there, and there sleeps he  
Who made my living sweet to me!

A marble angel guards above  
One grave, and in its sculptured hand  
Holds the great Book of Life and Love.  
His name is There, and in that Land  
That God hath given to them that pray,  
We'll meet and love again some day!

## *A QUESTION*

**I**F I could be a flower, and you the dew,  
What were we each to other, I and you?  
You'd lie upon my bosom, kiss my heart,  
Still of myself would know a little part.

Were I a cloud and you could be the sun,  
You'd kiss me crimson when your day was done  
You'd deck me with your gold all fine and fair,  
And I should pass away into the air!

But were I heaven's white moon and thou the sea,  
What were we each to other, I and thee?  
One pulse, one tide in union strong and true,  
Faithless to all beside I'd be, for you!

## MAGIC

ALL snugly wrapped in his blanket of night,  
With the morning-star pinned in his cap,  
King Helius as sweetly as you or I might,  
Was enjoying his morning nap;

When, sh — ! he heard such a twitter and cheep,  
Such chatter and warble and trill,  
As never before, and up from his sleep  
He arose and peeped over the hill —

In amazement! for there was his old spouse the earth,  
Decked out in the richest of dresses;  
The embroidered dewdrops alone being worth  
The ransom of forty princesses!

And she wore such a marvel of art of a bonnet,  
To match, all of yellow and green,  
With meadows of daisies and buttercups on it! —  
The like of it never was seen!

And from tops of the trees, to where golden bees  
With butterflies hung in the clover,  
The merry bird flitted and warbled and twitted,  
And chirruped the fragrant fields over!

And the old fellow smiled like a great big old child,  
As he asked his good wife to explain;  
And she winked a bright eye, and she said: “ You old  
guy,  
Don't you know Spring has come back again? ”

## *DECEMBER*

**I**T seems but yesterday when the gray earth  
At Spring's clear call awaked to warmth and mirth,  
And all the hills and meads were gold-arrayed  
With cowslips where the lovely Queen had strayed.  
And, following, fulsome Summer came to fling  
Upon the earth her robe of blossoming.  
But now the rose's golden heart is bare,  
A broken lily lies a-bleeding near!  
The cold North sighed, and thou hast felt his grief,  
Fair rose, thy life so bright and brief —  
So sweet, white lily-flower — but who can tell?  
Haply death to the dead is sweet as well!



## *A PURPLE VIOLET*

**A** MODEST little violet  
I, strolling, chanced upon to-day,  
Deep in tangled grasses set —  
I stopped to note it by the way —  
A dainty thing, blue-eyed and wet!  
The breezes romping merrily  
Wafted its fragrance up to me!

But wherefore did the world wax chill  
All on a happy summer day?  
Wherefore did the daisied hill  
In twilight shadows fall away?  
And Nature's voice grow hoarse and still?  
Why in my heart a thorn was set  
At looking on a violet?

One time I plucked a violet —  
On such a golden summer day!  
It in a dear dead hand to set,  
Two slender hands that lightly lay,  
And on a whiter bosom met! —  
Always I'll see a fair face start  
Out of a purple violet's heart!

## *SEPTEMBER*

**D**ANAE unveiled her bosom's lovely snow  
And on it great Jove's golden shower fell,  
And all the earth took radiance of that glow,—  
So the immortal poets love to tell.  
I, dreaming, thought the high-heaven sun were Jove,  
The earth a lovely Danae rained upon,  
And forth came glowing out of so great love  
Our gold September for a Perseus' son.

## *DREAMING*

**B**EHIND the ocean's rim the sun is drooping;  
Dusk hovers nigh;  
And in the throbbing silence wraiths come trooping  
Of hours gone by.

Across a flowered lea on light winds winging  
Float tones of bells,  
That to my ears are like the far sad ringing  
Of requiem knells.

The rapture of the day's last dreaming lingers  
Along the deep,  
And memories rise which love's insistent fingers  
Rouse from long sleep.

Perhaps my life has known its fullest measure  
Of worldly meed,  
But O, the heart stripped of its perfect treasure  
Is poor indeed.

I'm wond'ring now, as the grey night comes creeping,  
Veiling the blue,  
If you can guess my lone heart's yearning, weeping  
For love and you.

## WAITING

SOMEWHERE, I know, in the dim Yet to Be  
    (Always I've dreamed it and I dream it still)  
In some bright year and hour you'll come to me,  
    And all my empty soul with glory fill.

My heart is dressed and ready for that Day,  
    My tired hands are eager for your own,  
And on my lips a thousand things to say,  
    Love-hoarded treasures, and for you alone.

And longing for you, still I watch and wait,  
    Though you may choose another life and way;  
Though you may come an æon soon or late,  
    And from the glowing Path for long may stray.

You'll come at last, I know, and we shall stand,  
    Eye speaking answering eye in some bright Place —  
Haply not earth, haply of a fair Land  
    That men call heaven, but I shall know your face.

## *THE MAID WE LOVE*

**S**HE comes again, the April Maid,  
With crocus-blossoms in her hair!  
And every voice of field and glade  
Proclaims her near.

The buttercups all golden dressed,  
Arise their lovely queen to greet;  
And where her dainty feet have pressed  
Spring violets sweet.

The sun-god high in ether blue  
A tribute rich to her would pay  
In wealth of diamonds in the dew  
Along her way.

And gaily to Pan's piping reed  
(The path is fragrant where she went!)  
You'll find her dancing on the mead,  
Flinging afar sweet bloom and scent.

## *THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY*

**F**RIEND, I would find the road to Yesterday,  
For I have lost it in my wanderings far,  
And now upon that path my feet would stray  
If it be marked by any chart or star.

It matters not by what bleak mountain-height  
The pathway leads, or by what desert sands;  
Or that I lost and groping through the night  
Be bruised in my feet, and pierced of hands.

Lead me along the road to Yesterday —  
I who of men have sinned and sorrowed most —  
That I may find by some pure Childhood Way,  
That faith my soul once knew, and loved and lost!

## *LOST LONG AGO*

**O**H, that my thoughts were wings tonight  
To waft me in a backward flight  
To one sweet hour in yester-year —  
It might not be my eyes could bear  
The light of that far yestertime  
When youth and love was at the prime!

Oh, for the floodtide of that hour!  
A summer's dusk, each nodding flower  
Leaned to us as in sympathy,  
Some little whispering birds drew nigh —  
You kissed me! My dim life can know  
No light but that hour's afterglow!

## *THE CITY OF MIGHT HAVE BEEN*

**T**HE way to the City of Might Have Been,  
Can anyone tell? Does anyone know?  
Tho' many there be that toil between  
Its desert waste and mountain snow,  
By endless paths that wind and wind,  
That wondrous way can anyone find?

In a far-off country it must be,  
And the journey long and long to fare;  
Its smiling plains we may never see,  
Tho' we bend our gaze forever there,  
To catch one ray of the golden sheen  
That gleams o'er the City of Might Have Been.

But oh, beloved, at the end of day,  
When the red sun hangs in the west,  
And I tread along an old-loved way,  
With an old love young in my breast,  
My thoughts bridge over that vast Between  
To you, in the far, lost, Might Have Been.



## *JUNE-TIME*

**I**T'S June-time in the world today,  
And heaven is blue;  
The sweet birds know it and the flowers,  
That drowse and dream the long white hours,  
And wake from dreaming but to say:  
"The joy-time of the heart is here;  
It is the rose-time of the year,  
And love-time too."

When life shall change its rosy tint  
To graver hue;  
And age shall sit upon your brow  
Where part the dusky tresses now,  
My heart can feel no loss nor stint;  
For with you at my side, my dear,  
It's always rose-time of the year  
And love-time too.

## *GIVING AND TAKING*

**I**'D never give a kiss, nay, nay,  
For all the earth and sky and seas! —  
I — would not give a kiss, but may  
Be coaxed to — take one, if you please!

## *ACHIEVEMENT*

“**I** HAVE gained wealth,” a prince said boastfully,  
    (So runs a story old,)  
I did command, and Fortune brought to me,  
    Coffers of brightest gold.”

“I have gained glory, an immortal name  
    Is mine,” a poet said,  
“I writ in words of fire, and mortals came  
    With laurel for my head.”

“I have gained love,” a bold knight made reply,  
    “For one as far above  
All women as the heaven’s dome is high  
    Has crowned me with her love.”

An humble shepherd passing in the way,  
    Spoke to his heart, unheard,  
Counting it riches to have won that day  
    The trust of a wild bird.

## TO A MOCKING-BIRD

**G**AY, singing bird, you do delight my heart!  
Your blithe notes thrill and stir its every part;  
Its chords loose-lying, slackened, music-mute,  
Leap into tone like to a wind-swept lute;  
And on the waste of things as by swift fire,  
Kindle the embers of my dull desire,  
And all my slumbering senses flush and glow,  
Quickening into newness as your low  
Soft strains float out upon the twilight hour.  
I thank thee bird for thy sweet charm and power  
To lift a drooping heart and set it high.  
I thank thee bird, for thy blest minstrelsy!

## *KISSING TIME*

**T**HE little birds are kissing in the trees ;  
The wavelets kiss upon the shining strand ;  
The rose is sighing kisses to the breeze ;  
The dipping sun is kissing all the land.

What if the moth lie on the lily's breast,  
The moon-queen stoop to kiss the pleading sea,  
And mother-twilight kiss the world to rest,  
If still my cruel love will kiss not me?

## *TRAGEDY*

I HAD a strange dream, and behold, the day was  
slain! —

Night hurled a cruel dart and smote her glowing  
breast;

I saw her droop, and bleed, and die, and all the west  
Was crimson with the stain!

I saw the twilight gray break from the arms of night  
And with a gentle hand close the dead eyes of day;  
And spreading wide his dusky pinions, far away  
He bore her out of sight!

I saw in heaven a crescent moon hang white and high;  
I saw the great sea lash itself to silver mist;  
I heard the moan of haunting winds, and from her tryst  
The night-hawk's startled cry!

I saw a lovely woman standing by the sea,  
Within the sunny glory of her unbound hair;  
I saw her upturned face, that it was wondrous fair,  
But dumb with misery!

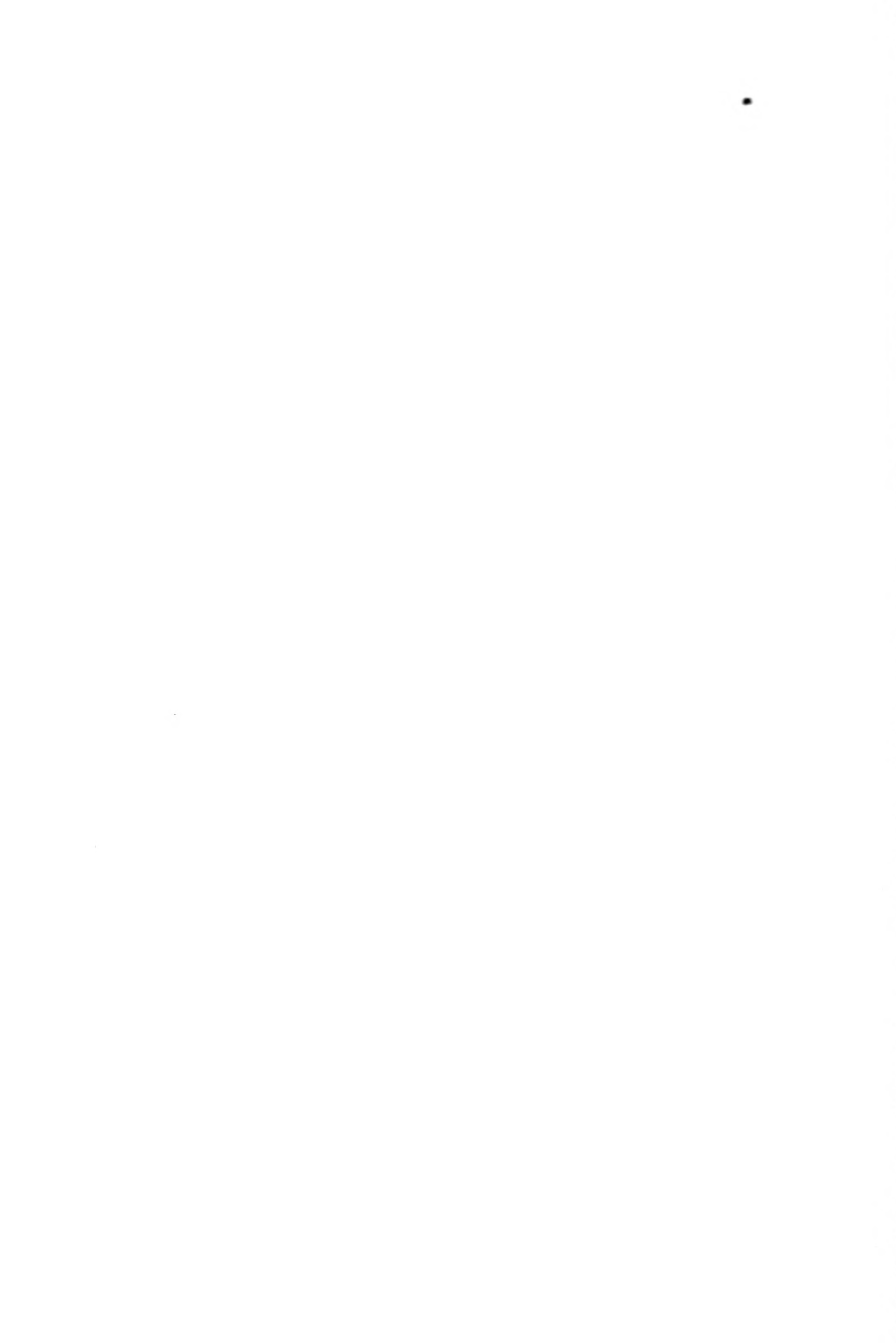
I saw her standing knee-deep in the ocean foam;  
I saw the angry winds sweep through her tangled  
hair,

And still she watched the seething waves as if 'twere  
She sought to find a home!

I saw her pale lips part and a despairing moan  
Sadder than words of mortal tongue, went wailing  
by,  
When her crushed heart burst wildly forth in one great  
cry  
To Heaven! Then she was gone!

I looked, and saw the great sea roll on as before;  
But on its bosom dark, an instant shone a gleam  
Of floating locks, and white clenched hand! And lo, my  
dream  
Was passed, I saw no more!

***RHYMES AND JINGLES***





## *WITH TOMMY AND MARY AT THE CIRCUS*

**A** is for Animal Show,  
With gay tents all set in a row,  
    And Tommy and Mary,  
    And Aunt Jane, contrary,  
With little pup "Gpysy" in tow.

**B** is the bloke that you buy  
Your tickets from, and though you try  
    To be quick as a mice,  
    And just ever so nice,  
It's rudeness you'll get from that guy.

**C** is the cracker-jack sweet  
You are toting around but can't eat  
    Till Aunt Jane says you may,  
    Later on in the day;  
And your anguish is more than complete.

**D** is the tent-door at last,  
And through it you soon have been passed;  
    And you hear all the yells,  
    And smell all the smells,  
And your joy has been never out-classed.

**E** is for elephants three,  
The largest you ever did see,  
That went round the tracks  
With small folks on their backs,  
As merry as merry could be.

**F** is for funny flamingo,  
Who spoke in the queerest of lingo;  
He would shake his pink head  
At whatever was said,  
Or saucily answer "By jingo!"

**G** is for grouchy old gnu  
Who complained that his woes were not few;—  
He was down on his luck,  
For he had not a buck  
In his pocket, and not one in view.

**H** is for hard-headed hippo  
Who persisted in walking on tip-toe,  
But she fell down at last,  
And the people all asked  
Why did she happen to trip so?

**I** is for crabbed old eider.—  
A lady once lingered beside her,  
And she pulled out great strands  
Of her hair with her hands;  
So at last the manager tied her.

**J** is for jolly old jaguar,  
So tipsy she could not but stagger;  
    But she jumped through a hoop,  
    And then looped the loop,  
As if there were nothing could fag her.

**K** is for old krazy kat  
In a komical koat and kravat;  
    For cutting up capers  
    He got in the papers,  
And there he was licked by a rat.

**L** is for languishing llama,  
Who thought herself quite a young charmer,  
    She'd moan and she'd sigh,  
    And murmur: "Oh, my!"  
As if one were trying to harm her.

**M** is for marvelous mandrill,  
Who went through a wonderful fan drill.  
    He could walk — dressed in kilts —  
    All day long upon stilts,  
But not for a moment could stand still.

**N** is for nice nanny-goat,  
Who was dressed in a bright petticoat;  
    And a queer little sacque  
    Buttoned right down the back,  
And a green ribbon tied at her throat.

O is for odious owl  
Who did naught but quarrel and scowl,  
And get mad as fire  
If one stopped near by her,  
And should one speak to her, she'd howl.

P is for peevish old puma,  
Always in quite a bad humor;  
Some said with a wink,  
That the trouble was *drink!*  
But that might have been only rumor.

Q is for crazy old quail,  
Who tried to swim round in a pail,  
“I am greatly upset,”  
She said, “to be wet,  
I'm afraid all the curl's out my tail!”

R is for regal old rea,  
Who made sure the people would see her,  
As she strode up and down  
In a white satin gown,  
So folks all would wish they could be her.

S is for savage old satyr;  
There were many good reasons to hate her,  
For a woman they say,  
Went too near her one day,  
And she pounced right on her and ate her.

**T** is for troublesome tapir,  
Who was always cutting some caper ;  
    She'd grin and she'd sneer,  
    And sometimes she'd swear,  
But it made her mad when they'd ape her.

**U** is for sad unicorn  
Who wished she had never been born ;  
    For her lover, they say,  
    Rode quite rudely away,  
And left her all sad and forlorn.

**V** is for vicious old vulture,  
Without any manners or culture ;  
    If you stopped at her cage  
    She would fly in a rage  
As though she wished to insult you.

**W** is for wonderful whale,  
Who stood on the tip of his tail,  
    And bellowed so loud  
    That he frightened the crowd,  
And the people around all turned pale.

**X** is for excentric xenus,  
Said to belong to a genus  
    Many years thought extinct.—  
    But the old fellow winked  
And said: “ They are off, just between us.”

**Y** is for very wild yak;  
They kept her head tied in a sack,  
And her four feet in bags  
Made of old burlap rags,  
And her tail poking out at the back.

**Z** is for best thing on view,  
A marmoset dressed all in blue,  
Just the cunningest thing  
That rode round a ring  
Riding a white cockatoo!

## *APRIL AND OMAR*

**W**AKE! for the Man that House-cleans by the  
Day,  
With skillful Blowings in some strange Way,  
Is at the Door; if thou wouldst not descend  
Dust unto Dust, escape, Friend, whilst thou may.

Come, then, into the Garden, where the Rose  
Her Charms reveal, and see the new-washed Clothes  
Naked upon the Air of Heaven ride,  
At Will, but not unblushed for, Goodness knows.

'Tis said we should this loveliest Month of Spring,  
Our Winter Garments to the Attic bring,  
And take the Camphor Balls along, for lo,  
The festive Moth again is on the Wing.

Wouldst buy thy Spring Suit? be advised of me,  
And leave the Wise and Foolish as they be.  
In newest Styles and Cuts I'll put thee wise;  
Thou hast the Price? the Rest is Naught to thee.

Now some buy Things they can't afford, and some  
Charge them, not knowing where the money's to come  
from;

Pay thou the Cash and let the Credit go ;  
First of the Month the Bill is sure to come.

And get the best for what thou needst must pay ;  
Be thou not as the blowing Rose to say :  
“ I'll fling the golden Treasure of my Purse  
Into the Garden ! ” — Thou repent some Day.

For some have husbanded their golden Grain,  
And some have flung it to the Wind like Rain,  
Do thou be wise and know that Coin once spent  
Full surely thou shalt not get back again.

So when in Gladness thou thy Heart renew,  
Believe me, Friend, that this one Thing is true,  
Whether by Prophet spoken or by Fool :  
“ Thou shalt not eat thy Pie and have it too.”



## *THE LITTLE MAN*

**T**HERE was a little man  
And he had a little gun  
And he went to the wild, wild, wild!  
And when he got there  
He shot a "Teddy bear"  
And oh, how he smiled, smiled, smiled!

But when he came back  
Folks all said: "Alack!"  
Though he said never a word, word, word;  
And 'twas whispered far and near  
By those that had his ear,  
That his heart was quite set on a third, third third!

## *HIS SONG*

**T**HERE was a colored gentleman  
Dwelt by the fair Ashlee;  
He loafed about from morn till night,  
As blithe as blithe could be;  
There was a song he loved to sing,—  
The only song sang he:  
"I'll work for nobody, no not I,  
If somebody'll work for me."

## *HE GOT HER*

**H**EY diddle doubt  
My candle is out,  
And my little wife's not at home;  
I'll go to the club,  
Or perhaps to the 'pub'  
And fetch my little wife home!"

## *FUTURES IN CONTRACTS*

"**B**ILLIE Burke, Billie Burke  
Where are you roving?"  
"Over the screen!"  
"Billie Burke, Billie Burke,  
Who are you loving?"  
"That's to be seen!"

## *NO QUARTER GIVEN*

**T**HERE was a Judge sat on a bench,  
Whiskey, whiskey weedle!  
His thirst for blood he could not quench,  
Whiskey, whiskey, weedle!  
They brought the President up to try,  
Whiskey, whiskey, weedle!  
"Off with his head, and don't ask why!"  
Whiskey, whiskey, weedle!

## *THE CROOKED MAN*

**T**HERE was a crooked man  
Who went crooked all his days,  
He got his crooked halfpence  
In many crooked ways.  
He was crooked at the Bank  
And crooked at the store,  
So they jailed him, and perhaps he'll not  
Be crooked any more!

## *HOW THEY MANAGE IT*

**S**WIFT he gets all the fat,  
Armour gets the lean,  
And so betwixt them both you see,  
They lick the country clean!

## *VIVE LE ROI!*

**P**IERPONT Morgan  
Plays the organ,  
Woolworth beats the drum;  
If you could see 'm  
You'd wish to be 'm  
When they all go "Tum, tum, tum!"

## *THE PUDDING*

**W**HEN good King Teddy ruled the land  
He was a goodly king;  
He taught his chef just how to make  
A nice gas bag-pudding —  
A gas bag pudding big enough  
And stuffed full well with “coons,”  
He into it put much of guff;  
It lasted him three moons.  
Teddy and dame did eat thereof  
And Cabinet men beside,  
And what they did not eat that night  
His Dame next morning fried.

## *DANDY JACK*

**A**NDY Spandy Jack-a-Dandy,  
Bought his girl much Huyler's candy,  
And took her to the ice-cream shop;—  
And then she gave him the drop, drop, drop!

## *THE FLIGHT*

**H**EY diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,  
The food-stuffs have jumped to the moon!  
Then grocery man laughed to see the sport  
But the housewife fell in a swoon!

## *THE PRETTY NURSE*

“**W**HERE are you going, my pretty maid?”  
“Just to the front, kind sir,” she said.

“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”  
“If you have the nerve, kind sir,” she said.

“Who is your father, my pretty maid?”  
“He’s only a millionaire!” she said.

“Then I will marry you, my pretty maid!”  
“I thank you kindly, sir,” she said.

## *THE KISSING BUG*

**H**OBSON he loved cake and wine,  
Hobson he loved candy;  
He loved to kiss the pretty girls  
When they were nice and handy.

## *MR. ROCKEFELLER IN AUGUSTA*

**T**HERE was an old gentleman lived in a car,  
Who gathered up children from near and from  
far,  
And when upon ice-cream and cake they’d been fed,  
He kissed them all round and sent them to bed.

## *THE HERO*

**L**ITTLE Victor Blue blew his own horn  
Till folks all wished he had never been born;  
He's been duly warned,—or so at least, they say,  
That one more blast will take his head away!

## *OL' BLUE JAY*

**O**F all de beases on sea an' lan'  
Mr. Sparrow-hawk sho is a family man;  
  
Any day you kin see him on a sweet-gum lim'  
Wid Miss Sparrow-hawk settin' close by him;  
  
Hit would sho be a bird o' Paradise  
Could a-caught Sparrow-hawk wid dey goo-goo eyes!  
  
Dar's ol' Miss Partridge as soon as light  
Starts a-callin' for her ol' true-lover, "Bob-White";  
  
De Cardinal sings but one lone song  
To his "Sweetheart, Sweetheart!" all day long.  
  
An' soon as dus' is in de sky,  
Ol' Widow Whip-poor-will moan and cry.  
  
But ol' Blue Jay, you bleege to know,  
Ain' got a care, an' ain' got a woe;

He swings an' sings in de ol' fir tree,  
As sassy an' happy as happy kin be!

An' one time his song is " May, May, May!"  
But hit's " Kate, Kate, Kate!" de very nex' day!

## *THE INFELICITIES OF MR. CROW*

O L' man Crow lived mos' all he life  
All alone by heself an' ain' had no wife,

But when he git good on de shady side,  
He up an' brung home a mighty young bride.

He sho was proud, an' pretty soon he 'lows  
He gwineter whirl in an' buil' a fine house.

But while Crow worked a-totin' everything,  
Miss Crow she sot up in a tree an' sing;

An' de folks all 'lowed she sho was a shirk  
To set in de cool while Crow done de work.

When de nes' was made an' de work was done,  
An' de eggs was laid, den de trouble begun!

Miss Cuckoo she gone an' started de mess  
By droppin' a egg in Miss Crow nes';

An' dar hit lay for every one to see,  
An' hit wasn't no Crow egg, an' never could be!



An' Lan' de trouble was on for true,  
When Miss Crow hatch out dat young Cuckoo!

Mr. Crow he 'fuse to see he wife face;  
He pack he valise an' sho lef' de place!

## *THE BOLD LOCHINVAR*

OL' Turkey Buzzard son (a mighty sorry cuss),  
Tuck to courtin' Miss Partridge gal, an' brung  
on a fuss.

For de Partridge hol' dey noses stuck up mighty high,  
An' tink de Buzzard fam'ly's powerful small fry.

Miss Yallowhammer lowed it were a sho disgrace,  
De sass Miss Partridge throwed in ol' Miss Buzzard  
face.

Hit soon begun to 'pear dat Partridge gal was sot  
To marry dat young Buzzard, for she up an' 'fied de lot.

But who should come along dat way dressed in de lates'  
style

But Mr. Robin-Redbreast, an' lowed he'd stop awhile.

An' Law-a-massy what you tink? befo' de week was  
close,

He'd up an' stole dat Partridge gal f'm under Buzzard  
nose!

## *MR. JAY ENTERTAINS*

**M**R. BLUE JAY was a single man,  
An' live by heself kinder ketch-what-you-can.

One day when he bin home all by heself,  
Wid not a vittles lef' on he pantry-shelf,

Here come de news by Miss Bumble-bee,  
How Miss Yallowhammer comin' roun' to tea!

Mr. Jay was sho in a fix dat day! —  
But he happen to look across de way

To ol' Mr. Butcherbird house, an' see  
Mr. Butcherbird meat hengin' up in a tree;—

All he good meat what he lef' out to dry  
For he own little chillen to eat bimeby.

Dar was de meat, an' dar was Mr. Jay! —  
You got de hint? Mr. Butcherbird say

Neighbor Jay oughter 'member de Golden Rule.  
Mr. Jay say de Butcherbird sho is a fool!

## *WIDOW WHIP-POOR-WILL*

**A**S long as a widow's head is hot,  
You'd better look out! her snare is sot.

You gwinter git caught befo' you know,  
An' you better believe you're caught for sho'!

A widow kin weep an' moan, an' wail,  
But her eye kin see right through dat veil!

But dar's one widow I 'lowed would stay  
A sho-nuff widow till her lates' day,

An' death would a-caught her a widow still,  
An' dat was ol' widow Whip-poor-will.

But all de bird an' beases say  
She's to marry Brer Coon on Christmas day.

## *NO ALIMONY FOR MR. JAY*

**D**EM gals kin work an' strive as dey may,  
But dar sho' ain' none gwineter caught Mr. Jay;

Dey kin set dey snare, dey kin lay dey plan,  
But Blue-Jay sho ainter marryin' man.

He will court all de gals f'm near an' far,  
But weddin' days Blue Jay ain' dar!

But he hit a snag an' a undertow  
When he give young Miss Yallowhammer de throw!

I reckon taint a man on earth to-day  
Woulder act such a mean an' no-count way;

For all de folks in de country knew.  
How he courted dat gal for sho an' true;

For he bought de ring an' name de day,  
An' den de las' minute he skipped away.

But she sho stuck de law to ol' Blue Jay,  
An' brung a suit, an' he had to pay!

I reckon by now he's 'gun to see  
Dat courtin' aint all hit's cracked up to be.

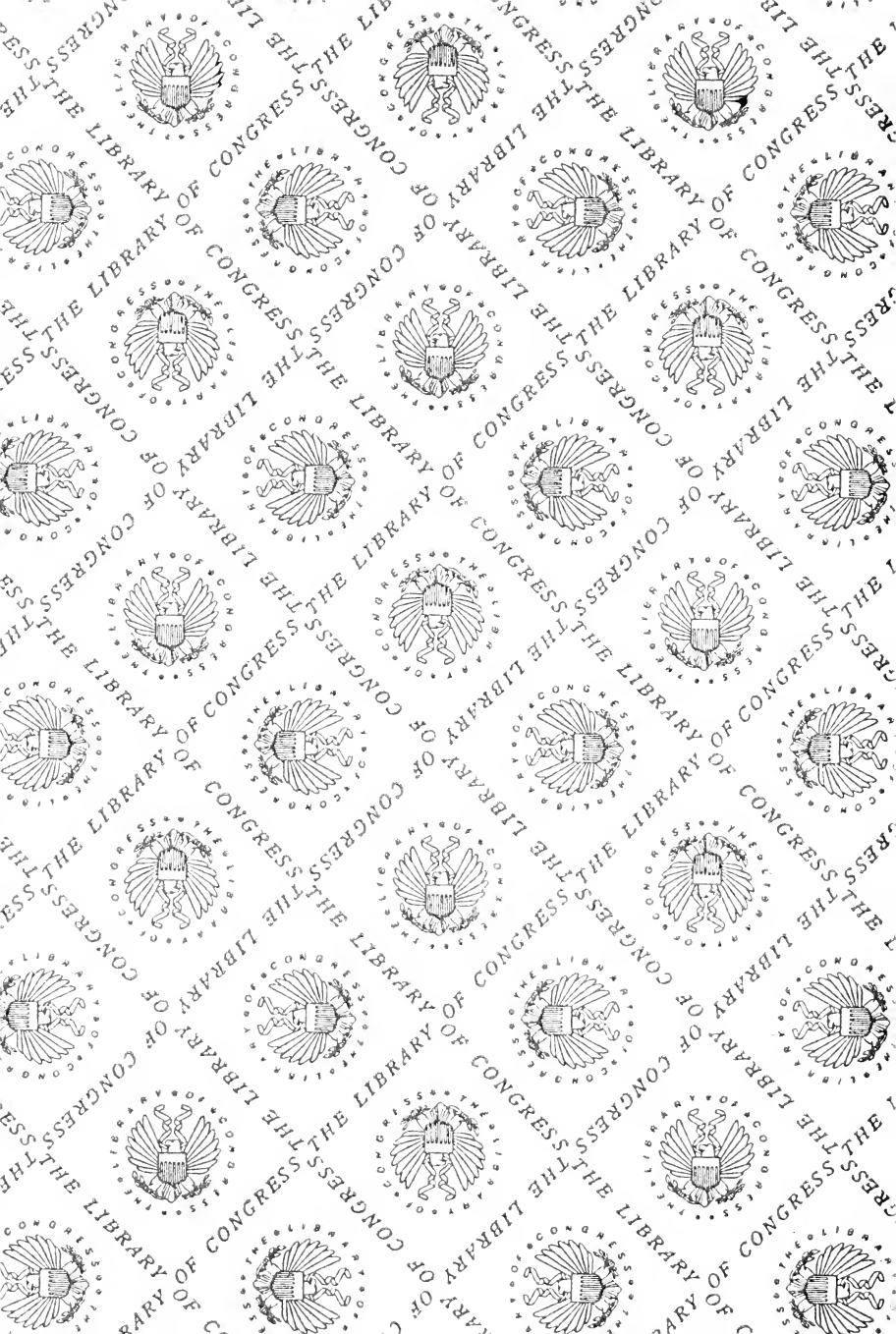
THE END











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